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The Lehigh Review



NICKY AND ARBEL, OR THE ORIGIN OF HOUSE-PARTY

By BERT J. FRIEDMAN

ONCE upon a time all the world was divided into two kingdoms—the ethereal, lovely land of the Faeries, and that dark region deep beneath the land of the Faeries—that of the Elves. These creatures of Elfland were considered by all the Faeries as being very wicked. But that was because the Elves were very spritely, and enjoyed playing all sorts of wild games. Then, too, they loved to drink, dance, and make merry. Of course, the Faeries, far above, were too strait-laced and conventional to understand how these Elves could possibly be anything but degenerate. At the same time, however, the crowd in Elfland thought Faeryland a very dull place, indeed. For all the Faeries were too afraid of their stern elders to have any fun. True, the Faeries had not always been like this. Many years before, they had gamboled and frolicked all day long to their hearts' content. But that was before some mean-spirited Faery, because of frustrated love, or some equally good reason, had invented the art of knitting. And now all that anyone did was to sit

and knit—endless balls of yarn littered up the mossy banks that before had been beds of gorgeous flowers. Even those precious, golden wands of the Faeries, those wands that had commanded every pleasure and happiness had been abandoned, thrown into Faery garbage heaps, rusty with disuse. One unhappy Faery, Nicky, with more initiative than the rest, had attempted to again make practice of the wand, gift of the great Magi, supreme deity of all the world. He picked it up from its place in the heap of trash, and rubbed its ugly, rusted knob in the prescribed manner, hoping to regain the lost powers, and banish forever the abhorrent knitting-needles and the balls of yarn. But he was most unsuccessful, there being no response whatsoever to his earnest importunities. However, something very unusual had occurred, when he slumped to the ground most forlorn and disconsolate. For he heard a little whisper in his ear: "When true love again may be found in the realm of Faeryland—then only, will the rust vanish from the wands, to give your people once again the power

to command happiness."

Now the startled, young Faery turned around immediately, upon hearing this strange voice. But he saw no one. Then he realized that none other than the great and all-powerful Magi had spoken to him. For who else so mighty that could grant and destroy the magical gifts of the Faery's wand? And a new and inspiring hope was born to this young Faery. His once-discouraged mien was now filled with enthusiasm. For he was no ordinary Faery. He was the prince of all Faeryland, a fine, upstanding, young fellow; and handsome, so that, had not all the females been too occupied with their accursed knitting, he would have been the most besieged lover of them all.

Nicky straightened his big shoulders, tossed back his curly locks, and with fleet foot began on his quest—to find that true love. He searched high and low—in every valley, and among every group of knitting females to catch at least one encouraging glance. But no matter how he regaled these demure creatures with adoring glances, and no matter how hard he feasted his eyes on their charming contours, none would ever look up from their everlasting toils. Once a maiden, bolder and more restless than the rest, looked up from her mother's feet, where she sat, feeding out slowly the endless yarns. But the maternal warning was fast forthcoming. With the words "Mind your knitting" ringing in his ears, Nicky fled the spot.

Once again our Faery prince was dejected. And with all the spirit gone out of him, he threw his body to the ground. He did not know how long he had lain there. Probably he had fallen asleep, tired from the exertions of his love quest. But the sounds that had awakened him were strange to his ear. As he lay there, he felt sure that he heard distant sounds of music—wild music—and stamping, as

though many people were dancing to the mad strains—and then, he heard laughter—such as he had not heard for years. Surely, this noise of revelry did not ensue from Faeryland, and he arose to make certain. And then he no longer heard anything but the click-click of the knitting-needles. Again he lowered his ear to the sod, and the joyous sounds were in evidence. Suddenly, he remembered the stories he had heard of Elfland—of how merry these folk were. He had always been told that the Elves were many social classes below the Faeries and that it would be very plebeian to associate with them. Moreover, they were degenerate—and he grinned appreciably as he recalled with what horror the old knitters had described them.

Nicky knew that there was only one thing for him to do—and that was to find the entrance to Elfland immediately. He could no longer endure the monotony of existence on Faeryland. Neither could he endure his sad and discouraged state of mind. And then he searched for the secret passageway, for he knew that it must be near. The sounds had seemed so close. At last he found it—a little rock he had stumbled over had disclosed a small iron handle. This he grasped, and to his surprise it opened easily, and uncovered a passageway large enough to admit his body. As soon as he had entered the tunnel, for now he perceived it to be such, the door closed behind him. Greatly perturbed, Nicky tried the door. It resisted his attempts, and so there was nothing left but to proceed. For quite a while, he could see nothing. He could merely grope his way along the walls on both sides of him. However, he could tell that he was descending rapidly. Soon his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and he perceived a faint red glow far ahead of him. Closer and closer he came to where the light was becoming

increasingly brighter. Suddenly, he came to the end of the tunnel, and stepped across the threshold of Elfland. He could see now that the before-mysterious red glow was merely the illumination cast out by the sun of that realm. But what made his heart beat faster as though it would break from its narrow confines in his breast, was the sight that lay before him. There, was a great crowd of Elfin youths and maidens dancing together around a circle enclosing others, who made beautiful but bizarre harmonies on strange instruments. There was such a spirit of frolic and merriment in it all that Nicky's heart was overflowing. The music stopped. The dancers turned and gazed in amazement where the young and handsome Faery prince stood dreamily, lost in the wonder of it all. With a start, he looked up, and realized that he was the center of all attention.

A beautiful vision detached herself from the group, and in velvet tones: "As queen of Elfland, I command you to explain your presence here."

"I hope that I haven't intruded," was the answer, "but I am enjoying your festivities so enormously."

"Festivities?" in gleeful rejoinder. "You haven't seen anything yet. This is merely an afternoon picnic." "But," in more imperative tones, "who are you, and what are you doing here?"

Then Nicky, with one of his captivating smiles, that made every male Elf hang tighter to his charming partner, explained that he was the prince of Faeryland, and how fed up he was with conditions there. He ended by asking whether he couldn't stay a while in their happy country, so that he might forget his sorrows.

Now it must be admitted that Arbel, the queen of the Elves, had never before seen anyone so handsome as this Nicky, and she became enamoured of him within the instant. So, grasping him by the

hand, she led him to her subjects, and commanded them to treat her newly-found love as an honored guest. And with the signal given for renewed frolic, everyone with the addition of the prince again frolicked. This was more fun for the wearied Nicky! And for the first time, there crept into the hearts of both these rulers, that gnawing pain of love.

Nicky had resolved to stay no longer than a day at the most. But the days passed into weeks, and the weeks into months (by the Elfen calendar, of course). For he was in love, and his love was returned. What could be more wonderful to this Faery prince, whose very soul had been pricked for so long and tortured so brutally by the knitting-needles of his Princedom. With Arbel his life was a veritable paradise. They bound fragrant flowers in each other's hair, sipped delicious drinks that made their heads reel, and they danced 'mid groves of nature's magnificent arbors and foliage. One delight after another entertained them, and they could never tire of each other's company.

But one day Nicky's heart was troubled, and Arbel knew it was so, for true love has that marvelous insight.

"Nicky, dear, what is the trouble?" she asked worriedly. "You have not grown weary of me?"

"Weary of you? Never, my love. I truly love you, and would abide with you forever. But my subjects must be uneasy about me, and in my selfish delights, I have forgotten my sacred trust."

And Nicky told Arbel all the Magi had told him, when he had failed so miserably in making use of his wand. Then he attempted to persuade her to come with him to Faeryland, so that the rust would be removed from the Faery wands, and so that once again, his people, too, could be happy. But Arbel was loath to leave her domain. In fact when the Elves

heard of this possibility there was much ado, and they importuned her on all sides to stay. Nicky promised Arbel anything in his power, would she only consent to accompany him. Love, after all, is the strongest agent in the world. Then, too, it might be added very cautiously, that Arbel had wished all her life to own a Faery's wand. And when a woman wishes—well, anyway, she finally desisted in her objections, and cried out: "Nicky, I can no longer say 'no' to you, but I want you to give me one thing in return."

He was so overjoyed by this news. "Anything at all, dearest, and it shall be yours."

"It is just this. I would like to own a Faery wand, so that I, too, could be empowered to bring happiness to others."

And so it was agreed. The Elves were miserable. But even in those days of Faeries and Elves it was an ill wind that blew no one any good. And now this same wind was blowing Nicky and Arbel to the land of the Faeries.

With the arrival of this loving couple, all the rust vanished from the wands, just as the great Magi had prophesied. Then, Nicky held up his glistening wand, and rubbing its knob, with his old form, he banished forever the knitting-needles and the balls of yarn from Faeryland. And, according to his promise, he handed over to Arbel, his gift, another wand.

Now, the Faeries had done nothing but

knit for so long that, with their implements gone, they knew not with what to busy themselves. Some, bored by the inertia, actually were angry at their Prince, and wanted to dismount him from his royal pedestal. In desperation, Nicky went to Arbel for advice:

"Ungrateful wretches," was his remark. "Give a Faery an inch and he wants a foot. What shall we do?"

In answer, Arbel grasped her Faery wand for the first time, and rubbing its knob demanded: "Great Magi, give us permission to have house-parties."

"House-party?" gulped Nicky. "There isn't a house in all Faeryland. What do you mean?"

"Oh, foolish," was the fond reply. "Don't you know that 'house' in Elfin language means merely whoops?"

Arbel took care of all the arrangements. She had a huge arbor cleared, and saw to it that there were a convenient number of bushes about. Then she invited all the Elves up to Faeryland for a week-end, and told them to bring along their delicious, head-reeling drinks, and not to forget their air of care-forgetting gaiety.

Once again Faeryland was joyful. Merriment and mirth reigned supreme. And to this day, the people are ever grateful to Nicky and Arbel for introducing to them house-party.

HOBO

By IRVING SCHULTZ

"**Y**A BET! There is setch a thing as re-incarnation an' d—n it all if I won't hanker bein' a dog when I'm bumped off and come back. Dogs don't have to work to live, jus' live lazy-like and shif'less."

I glanced towards the speaker. Unkempt, ill-matted hair, irregular repulsive features, old grime-eaten overalls and tattered shoes, he was a true representative of the motley crew. He was the only talker. The rest were uninterested. Some were huddled up in the corners of the "gondola", trying to avoid the blinding soot and cinders coming from the engine ahead. The others squatted, their hats drawn full over their faces, and heads wagging to and fro with the irregular twitchings of the freight. Hobos, bums,—"timber wolves" they called each other. I was just one of them, a wanderer of the road, a rider of freights, a grub bummer, —filthy clay. God, but it was cold business riding these open "gondolas" at night. I'd make sure I caught a box car at the next division stop. I shut my eyes and sought the solace of sleep, not that I willed it, but it seemed the only avenue of escape from the cold and the flying dirt. What noises—the monotonous, deafening grind of the "rattlers", the intermittent blast of the engine whistle, the sawing, wheezing snores of the sleeping men, and the cracked voice that rationalized and spoke of re-incarnation.

What gumption to hope for laziness when he was a veritable personification of it! I shifted about to relieve my aching bones. My feet were frozen numb. Finally sleep came, and I dreamed of pleasant things—a soft bed, a table deck-

ed with delicious food, a Mother's soothing touch I awoke with a start! My neighbor had kicked out in his sleep and caught me on the shins. D—n it! What had brought me here—a crazy "Westward Ho" desire to touch California soil, an urge to see the beauties of nature. Hmph! I got up and leaned over the edge of the car. I peeped into the dark and saw flat level land, monotonous to the eye. Not verdant foliage nor sylvan wood that I had imagined, but sun-baked sands and sparselings of sagebrush met my eye. But soon we'd hit the mountain territory and the Rockies—there, things would be different.

Suddenly I felt a whizz past my ear. I turned startled, and saw atop the adjoining box-car two men with "rods" in their hands. Their tidy dress betrayed their official business. I yelled the alarm, "The bulls!" and made one dive for the car ladder. Luckily the "rattler" wasn't going more than fifteen miles an hour and my jump was easy. I watched the freight recede in the distance, catching glimpses now and then of forms detaching themselves hurriedly from the cars.

I was hungry! No use praying for food—the skies would not drop any manna. The sun began to wend its way over the eastern horizon metamorphosing the white caked sands about me into a shimmering yellow dust. I got down on my knees and dug my hands into the desert sands and let the glittering particles sift thru my fingers. "Dust into dust, under dust to lie." I shivered slightly. I laughed desperately and got up acting like a damn fool. I began to walk on the ties. Skip one and then step on the next, skip

two and try hard to reach the next, skip one God! I'm going lunatic and I burst into laughter. Suddenly I caught sight of other forms in the distance and I remembered that I wasn't the only one who got away. I felt better. At least there was life around. My eyes brightened up at sight of a puff of smoke not far ahead. I soon made out a line of stationary freights—must be a road gang.

Swarthy Mexicans, coal black niggers and filthy wops gave me the once over as I worked my way between the cars. It wasn't until later that I realized how precarious my position had been. I walked over to a car improvised into a kitchen and hauled myself up. A grimy, pigtailed Chink blocked my entrance.

"What want?" he asked.

"Just a bit of grub to fill this," and I touched my empty belly.

He looked at me hard and long; maybe the pleading look in my eyes won him over. He pointed to a chair.

"Thanks, pardner," and I flopped into it.

I walked out of the car a new man. Life seemed brighter and more substantial. A freight was expected any minute to fill up with coal and water. Better get ready to hop her, I told myself. I began to walk through the line of cars to look over the territory. Suddenly I saw a sight that made my blood run cold. Wedged between the sliding doors of a box-car was the neck of a young hobo. His agonized features faced me. He was frothing at the mouth and uttering inarticulate sounds likened to an epileptic. I was able to see what was taking place in the car thru the open space. I made a movement forward to do something—God knows how I could have helped—but a tug at my sleeve stopped me.

"Take it easy, kid, you're liable to get the same dose. Those d—n depraved timber wolves are 'bungolin'" that

poor kid."

I yielded to my adviser's push and started moving. A feeling of nausea crept over me and I made haste to get away from that unsavory sight.

The freight did not come too soon. I was eager to get away—to leave behind that sordid spot. I hopped on a "tanker" and made myself comfortable on the narrow cat-walk. The cars rolled along slowly. We began to meet hilly territory. I closed my eyes in reverie but could not shut out the picture of that tortured face. When next I opened my eyes a panorama of beauty was moving before me.

The scene was colossal. The mighty Rockies loomed before like a legendary giant land. It was all so beautiful. Just ahead was a flock of sheep grazing in contented fashion on the rich mountain grass. I had almost resolved to become a sheep-herd and spend the rest of my days ensconced amidst mountain solitude and serenity when I noticed some activity at the edge of a huge rock. No, it could not be. I looked again. I rubbed my eyes. "Oh, why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men things that are not?" I saw—and I could hardly believe—a sheep-herder astride an ewe and engaged in that sexual pleasure classified as beastiality. The beauty of the hills vanished and the colossal scene brought only a sardonic grin to my lips. What a lousy world! What perversions!

The Rockies were finally left behind with all their beauties, I did not see. And once again barren wastelands hove into sight. For three days and three nights I rode the same freight, sustaining myself on dirty water taken from freight filling tanks and hard bread and maybe a sandwich or two bummed from road gang kitchens. Water! What I wouldn't have given for some clear, fresh water. Dry! Why water was so scarce in that God-forsaken country that the jack rabbits ran

around with canteens!

The last night I slept in a "rafter", and I awoke to find that the hatch box had shut on me from the outside. It was useless to yell. No sounds penetrated that metal-clad ice box. I just sat down and waited. Hours after I had felt the freight stop, I heard the hatch slowly being opened.

"Open 'er up, buddy, and let me out, will ya?"

"What in H—l you doin' here?" and at the same time the speaker shoved his face in the hatchway.

"Waiting for you," I rejoined.

"You're darn lucky I came or you'd abin a corpse in no time," and he took me by the arm and helped me out.

For a moment I was blinded by the sunlight. Blinking into my rescuer's face I asked, "What burg is this?"

"You're in Sacramento now, kid, and you'd better hoof it out of here before the 'bulls' get around."

"Thanks a lot, pardner," and I made my way off.

I tried to force myself into a state of exultation; but it was useless. I just wasn't thrilled. A feeling of satisfaction did pervade me, however, but not because I had reached California at last, but because now that I had arrived I could start out for home. Home — what happiness and rejoicing I foresaw in that word. I shut my eyes and dreamed of

"Hey, you! Wanna job?"

Unconsciously, I answered, "You bet!"

"Well, come ahead."

As I followed the big brawny form in front of me, I began to reason with myself whether work was the best thing I could do. If I made a little money first, I would get home quicker and in better condition. Yup, might as well take a stab at it. We approached a small group of men who were chattering and laughing noisily.

"All ready, boys, let's go," and my employer began to help each man into an open truck parked close by. I got in, too.

We had been riding about half an hour when, unable to contain my curiosity any longer, I turned to the man nearest me and asked, "Where are we bound for, anyway?"

He gave me a queer look, smiled, and then, "Just goin' to put out a little fire beyond the range."

"Me, going to fight a fire? —what fun," and I snickered.

We arrived at the scene with no tin band awaiting us. We were the first crew sent out. The fire was making rapid progress. The skies were filled with dense smoke. The fire-ranger, for that's what he proved to be, got us together and handed each of us a tool, either a spade or shovel or hatchet or rake.

"Now, boys," he said, "we'll have to work fast. We have to make a line around 'er and keep 'er in. There's a strong wind blowin', so watch your step."

I entered the burning area with mixed feelings of apprehension and disgust. Damn, if the fire wasn't hot! A strong wind added drive to it. It seemed almost impossible to stop it. We got down to work, encircled the fire with a fairly wide trench and stopped to reflect on our work, when suddenly, like a blast from Hell, the flames shot forward and across the line. It was no time for meditation. I dropped my tool and ran. The avid flames raged at my back. I swerved to the right into an area already touched by fire. I hazily remembered reading somewhere, the wisdom of running into burnt territory to escape a fire. I felt the hot ashes under my feet. Sometimes I passed too close to a blazing tree and scorched myself. I finally found my way out. My legs were dead weight, my throat was

(Continued on Page 35)

CATHEDRAL

Let me wander awhile, within
The deep, cool shade of your enshrouded
eyes.

Your eyes
Are like two windows opening
Upon the dim cathedral of your soul.

There are three candles burning there, I
know
They shine so in your eyes.
They are these:
Beauty, and love, and laughter at small
things.

Let me be your priest, and tend them
one by one,
Then we will dream and laugh together,
you and I,
Within the dim cathedral of your soul.

AUTUMN

Autumn is an eager debutante
Who holds the gaze of all the throng
With her vivacity and charm.

For she is gay, to-night, and debonair
In a claret gown that is slashed with gold.

All gather about her, and try to catch
The flashing glory of her smile
And the mellow peal of her laughter.

They do not note the sudden panic in
her eyes
As she glances up and sees
Austere and heavy-footed Winter
To whom she afterwards must give
herself.

He does not dance all the evening,
But stands aloof in a corner
Watching her possessively.

WILLIAM PORT, '31

HE DIDN'T LIKE IT

(A SHORT STORY)

By H. A. SEWARD

IT was a warm day. T. R. Booth sat behind his great oaken desk. In the office the air was heavy and moist the kind that makes half-retired executives droop their heads down to the chests of their stuffed bodies. Looking out the broad window of his office Booth could see that the sun was bright and the sky clear. He set his pipe in the luxuriously decorated ash tray on his desk. Mere foolishness to make himself any hotter.

There came over him slowly a feeling of hate for his office, for its furnishings, for everything. He gradually became seized with a mad desire to jump up and upset everything in the place—to tear, upturn, smash all. Then he realized the utter futility of the thought. The senior member of Booth & Son could not make a raving fool of himself. He reached for his pipe. He packed it and re-lit it.

What a life! Success. How he had thirsted for it; how he had worked for it. Up, up, up, always he looked —— he climbed year after year. Success. He kept reaching for it. People had called him an ambition-crazed man. He worked when others played. He worked when others loafed. He wanted success. He got it. Now that he had it he didn't even know what it meant. Power, influence, money, luxury—people called him a success. Irony. Bitter paradox. Nothing to do now that he was on top. President of the company, Chairman of the Board of Directors, Chairman of the Boards of four other corporations, Trustee of two banks —— he merely pulled strings and things happened. If he simply remarked

that so-and-so would make a good man for mayor so-and-so was elected. If he merely said so-and-so should run for governor so-and-so ran. Bah. There were no more real people. It was getting to be a subservient world of "yes men". Yessed from morning until night. Even his wife did it, and God knows that was a calamity. Couldn't even be disagreed with in his own home. He was yessed by his family, by his valet, his servants, his secretary, the whole company, bankers, brokers, newspaper men, politicians, public officials —— his daughter even married a man from his own college so that he was even deprived of football arguments.

Things were certainly coming to a pretty pass. He bet himself that even if he ——. Well, he might try it anyway, just for the fun of it. Smiling grimly to himself he pushed the buzzer. The damn thing seemed to say "yees". Watkins appeared in the doorway. Watkins —— the typically thin, tall but bent, obsequious secretary. Booth almost died of apoplexy when Watkins answered the call with the usual "Yes, Mister Booth".

"Watkins, do you consider me a good weather prophet?"

"Very good, sir."

"Well, I predict that rain will fall within an hour at the latest. Am I right?"

Watkins glanced meekly out the window to behold a cloudless, obviously clear sky. Then returning his blinking gaze to his executive's face he calmly replied, "Quite right, sir."

Booth leaped to his feet and pounded the desk. His face bulged, grew purple,

and the veins in his neck swelled almost to their bursting point as he blurted, "Damn you, Watkins, any fool can see with half an eye that there's not a sign of rain to-day." Then suddenly he controlled himself, settled back in his chair and said, "That's all."

"Yes, sir."

Watkins shrugged his shoulders and glided softly from the room.

In the outer office a group of young men were gathered around the water-cooler. Earnest, intelligent-looking young men they were, giving advice to one of their number — a personable-looking chap. Now he was addressed by a noisy fellow, the "let-me-tell-you" kind. Holding a glass of water in one hand he gesticulated freely with the other. "Listen here, Larry, I've been working for this guy for two years, and believe me I know him. He's like all the rest of the big guns. You've gotta salve him up, you've gotta use the old oil on him plenty. Spread it on as thick as you can. They like it. They eat it up."

"I know, but it doesn't always pay to be a hypocrite. I don't want to be anyone's footstool, anyhow. I don't believe in being a 'yes man'."

"Oh, yeah? Well, you'd be a lot farther ahead in this little old world if you did. The trouble with you is that you're too independent. Now, if you want this promotion, boy, you've got to do as I'm telling you. I'm giving this tip gratis. When you go in to set the old bird, 'yes' him to death. If he tells you the moon is made of green cheese, say he's perfectly right. It doesn't cost you anything to feed his vanity, and you get along better yourself when you make him feel as though he knows it all."

"You have a right to your opinion, and I to mine."

"Boy, you're hopeless. You'll never get anywhere."

"I don't see you riding around in any

Rolls-Royces yourself."

"Give me time, brother, give me time. I'm getting there with my system. Well, I've gotta go. See you later. Now, don't forget to do as I say and you'll be up in the big dough some day."

Larry struck out for the private office of old "Ty" Booth. As the youth entered, Booth was fingering a card on his desk. Booth read the card over, at the same time thinking of the man whose record was scribbled on it. Lawrence Pickett. Steady chap. Reputation for being a good worker, clever, but independent. Old "Ty" wondered.

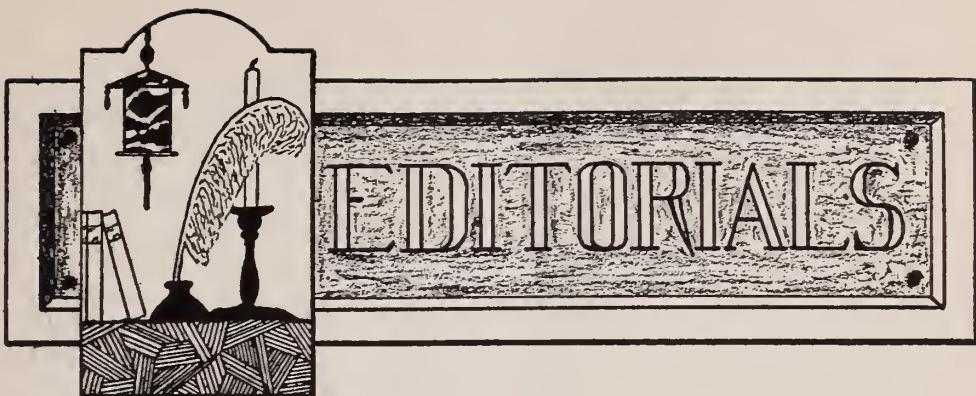
Booth looked up at his visitor. He studied the youth a minute or so. Then he said lightly as if speaking of irrelevant things, "I pride myself on being somewhat of a weather prophet. Right now I predict rain within an hour. How does that sound?"

The younger man looked out at the clear blue sky. He felt, unaccountably, that a whole lot depended upon his answer. The solemn silence of the room seemed to demand that he gave the answer his questioner wanted, or else lose something. He started to reply, hesitated, then smiled and said, "I think that your prediction is very good, sir. I think that it will rain very shortly."

Booth frowned and said, "Mmmmm. Oh, Pickett, about that promotion I asked you to come in about, I can't give it to you now. I may later."

Booth appeared tired — weary. He sat alone, his head bent forward. The ashes in his pipe had long since grown cold. The temperature of his office had gone down. Shadows were lengthening. It must be getting late. He jerked his head up and turned toward the window. Suddenly, he looked startled. What! Could it be possible? Even the weather. He smiled very slowly, very ironically.

It was raining.



WITH this issue the Review begins its fourth year of publication. It was founded in the winter of 1926-1927 with the clearly-defined purpose of making it a Lehigh literary magazine and an organ for the expression of student opinion on all such matters as might be of general interest to the student group. It was an adventure then, and it is somewhat of an experiment; for it is difficult to tell, from year to year, what sort of reception is likely to be given a literary paper on an engineering campus. It has been suggested that the paper be made more definitely technical in nature, and there are reasons to justify the suggestion. But the nature of a student publication such as the Review, it seems, must depend more upon the type of material available than upon the policy of its editors. Thus far the greatest interest seems to have been among the Arts and Business men, and certainly the majority of voluntary contributions have been made by them. If the Review is to be an instrument for the expression of all phases of student thought, it must be used as such an instrument by all members of the student group who thus wish to express themselves.

The withdrawal of compulsory lectures from the general University program a year ago was without question welcomed by those who had until then considered college lectures, along with chapel and freshman English, as one of life's necessary annoyances. To many, exemption from college lectures was something of a relief. But there are still some who are interested in the lecture for the lecture's sake; who find satisfaction in the exchange of ideas, and who allow their intellectual curiosity to overpower their acquired prejudice to being talked at. These will undoubtedly find much of value in the series of lectures recently announced by the Lecture Committee. The general scheme, it appears, is to have the lectures alternate in tone and purpose from year to year. Last term their aim was cultural; this year, however, the scientific feeling predominates, and the general pattern of the series is suggested fully by the topic for the year: "Man's Conquest of Nature." The lectures, which are to be given by members of the faculty, will be centered about the idea of man's self-adaptation to his physical environment.

It is planned also to have men from outside the University speak here at dif-

ferent times during the year. The Robert Blake Society hopes to sponsor lectures by eminent men in the fields of philosophy and psychology, and Pi Delta Epsilon is trying to secure the services of prominent journalists.

During Freshman Week this past September, a pamphlet entitled, **Four Years at Lehigh — How To Make the Most of Them**, was prepared for the incoming freshmen by Professor Hughes. It contained much valuable advice, not only for freshmen, but for upper-classmen as well, and described briefly the most efficient means of getting as much as possible out of college life and college activities. Proper reading, proper studying, proper budgeting of time and money, and above all, proper organizing of time and work to suit the needs of the individual and to carry him on the most direct road of progress, were all suggested and explained in the leaflet.

But that was two months ago, and it seems that even those who began the year with firm intentions of following such advice are starting to slip back into the old, old habit of "getting by". For it is easy

to plan what we are going to do, and easy to make resolutions; but it is easier to do nothing, or at least to do no more than we have to. It is easy, but whether or not it is altogether advantageous is another question.

It is about this time of the year that seniors begin to realize that only a winter and a spring lie between them and graduation, and to wonder exactly what they are going to do if they do graduate. Those who have been accustomed to getting by with a minimum of effort in college will probably continue to get by with a minimum of effort outside of college. But that, in this day of competitive achievement, can't go on for very long, and sooner or later there will come the choice between "getting by" (and getting nowhere), and making a conscious effort toward advancement.

Speaking of pamphlets and college seniors, and taking into consideration the number of us who don't know why we came to college in the first place, it strikes us that it would be well for someone to write a treatise on "*The Years After Lehigh*"; telling us at least where an Arts man can get a job after he graduates.



"COLLEGIATE"—1866

By E. A. HONIG

This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Honig dealing with Lehigh traditions and customs in the early years of the University's history.

TO those who, out of the developments of the past few years, have foreseen a "Greater Lehigh" fast becoming reality, the early struggles to establish the University mean little more than history. To those, however, whose memories trace back to the time when "Shanty Hill" was still a well-known landmark and tight pants were the vogue for stylish men, those first years are filled with sentiment made sacred by recollections of a jovial, boisterous life.

The spirit of Lehigh has changed since then; the inadequate teaching methods of the past century have been replaced by a modern, scientific program, elaborate buildings have stretched the once-modest campus over a vast portion of South Mountain, better facilities have laid open the paths of learning to a thousand instead of to a handful. Yet, to sense the life and enthusiasm of those pioneer students, is to wish for some bit of their spirit, to seek again those ties that made them sons of Lehigh rather than transient guests.

But as the campus expands over "Shanty Hill," covering the last vestiges of its former glory, so, too, the need for speed and mass-production blots out the early feeling, antiquating it to musty records and yellowing pictures.

Even to-day we question traditions once cherished by that first group, replacing them with newer regulations, mere gestures of their source. Soon the "dink" and "tie" will also pass away before the tide of progress.

Some few highlights of the past, however, can never die. Enshrined in memory, they will live as long as the history

of Lehigh is known, for the two are closely bound.

When in 1866 the gifts of Asa Packer made possible the opening of classes at Lehigh University, it was at once apparent that many ties would bind its fifty students. The entire University comprised but one building, Christmas Hall, as modelled from a church. Here the student body assembled each day to study the same courses and to meet the same few professors. Here Lehigh's first two classes toiled until they knew each other as brothers.

But it was not so much the work in the class-rooms that created the spirit of Lehigh; it was rather in the daily life of the student outside the class-room that those impetuous incidents which have come down to us as legend came into being.

To-day the many ramifications of the University make it impossible for real compactness to exist between the student body. Then under a president, more parent than teacher, the entire University resembled nothing so much as a large family. But if records are to be believed, it was a family of imps whose impious deviltry would make the tale of "Peck's Bad Boy" a Sunday-school story. The escapades, the adventures, the pranks of these boys live again in rosette hues each time they meet. At football games, or at Alumni Reunions, you may hear them, aged, bewhiskered, proclaiming the time "We stole the bell-clapper," or the night "We bought Sol Fry's barber pole and had the cop chase us."

Such incidents are unnumbered, for they form the backbone of college life. Traditions played no part then; they were

only to evolve after many classes had left their traces at Lehigh. Athletics were still unknown. The town itself was small and offered few amusements to the student. He was forced to create his own amusements; and create them he did.

Nothing was more fundamental to college life than the nightly carousals at the beer parlors. On every free night the students "raised cain" at the local bars consuming vast quantities of beer and pretzels. Swooping through the town, they would fill the neighborhood with boisterous noise, making for the inns where they would imbibe inspiration to sing "Sweet Adeline" on the homeward journey. Most famous of all such drinking places was the brewery, right off the campus—now a dormitory bearing the dignified name Price Hall! What gay times, what merry carousals took place here is beyond description. No one could possibly remember the innumerable parties held under this roof! Here returning grads "set up" the whole undergraduate body—an event which taxed the brewery to its utmost capacity. Here protesting victims were sacrificed in unholy initiations whilst the reek of malt spread itself upwards, incense to the gods. Here prodigious drinking bouts were held in which ambitious "guzzlers" sought to break the record—one keg of beer.

On a particularly active night one might have seen embryo chemists use their knowledge in applying brilliant aniline dyes to the bodies of terrified initiates; or, if an experienced drinker were present, one might have observed the correct technique of absorbing the contents of a keg of beer—to place the feet in a pan of warm water, remove the superfluous clothing, and literally funnel the foaming liquid down the throat.

A more noticeable form of diversion, as far as outsiders were concerned, were the class fights. When members of one

of the lower classes staged an informal party it was considered the duty of the other class to provide the entertainment in the form of a free for all.

Such an affair is clearly described in an early "Burr". The Freshmen, it seems, had gathered at Connie Wheeler's to forget the tribulations of their suppression. The Sophomores, in strict accord with good custom, marched upon the inn in full force to put a stop to such rebellion. A combat occurred of such ferocity that its effects could be estimated only from Connie's bill for the damage to his property. (Such bills, however, were rarely minded, for it was assumed by the combatants that they could not struggle in one small room for over an hour without at least cracking a little paint on the furniture. Eventually they made peace and paraded away singing lustily. Their parade, however, was disturbed by the announcement that the Knitting Mills were a-fire, and, as the "Burr" so aptly expresses it, "they proceeded thither to assist the firemen in the complete destruction of that building.

Fights with classmates were not the only outlet for fistic inclinations. In the early years of the University, men who went to school and wore tight-fitting pants were regarded as "dudes" by the town roughs. Hence bitter enmity existed between these groups and many were the battles fought to decide which were the better men. In 1868 the entire student body sallied forth to wage war with the town in general, and so bloody a struggle ensued that it was almost necessary to call the militia.

For a time all classes merger for mutual protection against the enemy, but, when this trouble was disposed of, the Sophomores reverted to hazing as an easy source of entertainment.

This was indeed easy on everybody but the Freshmen, for the iniquities heaped

upon the victim would have done justice to an inquisition. Under the guidance of Alpha Omega, Sophomore torture society, retribution was meted out in wholesale doses. The Rebellion of '84, in protest to these proceedings caused quite a stir on the campus. The appearance of many Sophomores in class the next day, painted in fantastic design and shorn of moustaches was for a time a check upon hazing. However, enthusiasm overcame timidity, and within a short time Freshmen were again sitting in pots of water, "rowing boats" with toothpicks.

The same enthusiasm which pervaded these hazings is evidenced in the report that in an early class election seventeen more votes were cast than there were members of the class. Such impassioned zeal was, of course, pardonable except when it led the students to tie knots in cats' tails, kill goats, or put chestnut burrs on the seats of their professors. Periodical attempts to steal the Chapel bell, then located in Packer Hall, were not discouraged unless they proved too successful. Nor were the students too harshly chastized when they stole the hymn-books from the Chapel, almost causing the dismissal of the janitor. However, the labor of removing oxe carts from the belfry was often the cause of severe abjections, and the inanity of tieing a goat to a casket was usually decried—not that the act in itself was so frightful, but the fact that the casket was left on the president's porch seemed a breach of dignity.

Even when the students attempted to co-operate with the University authorities they were sometimes criticized; as, for instance, when, on hearing that the interior of Christmas Hall was to be remodelled, they anticipated the workmen by knocking in part of the walls, not as engineers should have done with pick-axes, but with beer kegs.

At times the students themselves voiced just objections to conditions. Such was once the case when the pig-styes surrounding the campus sent forth a generous odor which for weeks pervaded the grounds, despite the vain pleadings of the suffering undergraduates. Relief came swiftly, however, for a plague set in and it was found necessary to close the school.

Acquaintance with the female portion of the surrounding locality further served to enliven the monotony of work. Even the Freshmen found this effective, for, as the Epitome reports, it was their custom to arouse the ire of the local constabulary and the admiration of the females by hanging class banners to the Fem. Sem. flagpole. It is even possible that they left their traces closer to their audience. Certainly those who serenaded the girls must have made closer personal contacts.

Prevailing styles of dress made possible other such entertainment since it was easy for a student to masquerade as a girl and thus to entice his classmates with shy flirtations. Henry, reigning monarch of the chemistry department, remembers with great glee the aptitude of one student at this diversion. So adept was he that he could announce beforehand who he was going to "date". Henry remembers that one morning after having been so duped a student passed him in the laboratory.

"Have a nice time last night?" inquired Henry.

"Go to hell!" was the reply of the crest-fallen swain.

And so, drinking whenever he could, sleeping whenever he found time, and doing his best to enjoy himself at all times, the Lehigh student of '70 passed his four years at college. But if these men were enthusiastic in play they were equally energetic in work. If the reader has formed the conception that the men of those early times were little more than drunken row-

dies, he has failed to appreciate that when the Victorian student "raised cain" he was merely seeking natural amusement in the forms prescribed for his day. As a class historian put it: "These things served to break up the monotony of work otherwise unbearable."

The student had no motion pictures, no car to speed to the city, no radio to entertain him at home. These pranks which seem so childish to us were life to him. He gave no more time to them than does the modern student to present-day diver-

sions. Just as many were "flunked out," just as many won high honors.

The innovations of modern education have improved the University, have made possible more sensible teaching. Its life and spirit are perhaps more adequate for its students, but in the hearts of its older grads nothing can replace the boisterous, rollicking life of its early days. They studied at a time when tradition was still formulating itself at Lehigh; indeed they are its tradition.

I ACTED WELL

I acted well last night,
There in the grove —
The night my stage, my audience the
trees,
My prompters sighing winds and whis-
pering seas.

I acted well last night,
But not for you —
The lines I'd learned and spoke were to
your heart,
While you, I found, played but a minor
part.

I acted well last night,
So that at dawn
Your heart was conquered and was press-
ed to stay —
But you, you yawned a bit and walked
away.

I acted well last night

G. M. O.

RUSSIA TO-DAY

By L. G. WILSON

THE first observation that naturally occurs to the average tourist upon entering the U. S. S. R. is that hitherto he has known little of actual Russia. Probably of no other country in the world is there so wide-spread an ignorance as there is of Soviet Russia, its leaders, and its people. The Bolshevik, contrary to general belief, seldom wears a beard. He does not roam the streets carrying a knife between his teeth, on the search for someone to murder. On the contrary, he is a gay and humorous fellow, passionately fond of children, and willing to help strangers in the slightest instance. He speaks with awe and wonder, not with hate, of Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller. He looks to America as the greatest country in the world, and thinks that, to a large extent, from her and her alone can come the material aid of which Russia is so much in need.

But Russia zealously guards what she is doing. Fear of counter revolutionary movement prevents her from opening wide her doors, just as this fear obstructs the path to free speech and a free and unhampered press. Thus Russia has set a wall around herself, which makes the crossing of the Soviet borders more difficult than those of any other nation in the world, with the possible exception of Mecca. Up until recently, she showed an apparent indifference to tourists, made restrictions upon them more stringent than ever, and in many cases refused many applications for visas. But Russia now is beginning to realize that business relations with America are essential to her progress, and that the two great obstacles in the path of normal intercourse of trade be-

tween the two countries—the ban on shipment of Russian gold to America and the absence of long-term credit—can be removed only by recognition of the Soviet Republics by the United States. In Russia's opinion, there is no better way of establishing a friendly feeling between the two countries than by welcoming, with outstretched hand, the American tourist. If Russia can lure the number of tourists that flow into every other European country during the summer into her own fertile land (she fully expects to; I was told by several different authorities that within the next three years the average would reach thirty thousand or more a year) a necessity for communication will be set up, which the American government will not be able to ignore.

Thus it is, that the American to-day will have little difficulty in securing a visa. Of red tape, delay, and uncertainty, there is plenty. I, and five Princeton students with whom I was traveling, experienced more than we had bargained for, and that is saying a great deal. But we did arrive in Russia—two days later than we expected to, but arrive we did, nevertheless.

I and the five other men, whom I knew, decided that we had heard enough of what we thought was falsehood and propaganda about Russia. The only way to learn about Russia and her government was to go to Russia. Hence, we wrote to Moscow for permission to enter. No answer was forthcoming. A little worried that our trip was doomed to failure, we inquired of the Cultural Relations Society between Russia and the United States. This organization in turn recommended us to the Open Road, a tourist

agency which specializes in Russian Travel. Here we had better news. The Open Road was certain that our visas would be granted and presented us with applications to fill out. We answered pages and pages of questions, wondering all the time whether this would really get us into Russia or whether we were just wasting our time. At the conclusion of the party of this voluminous knowledge of ourselves, we were told that we had nothing more to do but wait for a cable from Moscow. On June eighth, the date of our sailing, no word had been received. By this time, the Open Road could give us no more assurance than the statement that our visas might be waiting for us at Helsingfors, Finland. With no certain knowledge that we were going to approach any nearer to Russia than Finland, we set sail, fortified with many books concerning the Soviets.

At Helsingfors, all our doubts were allayed. We could no longer doubt, we knew. Five visas had been granted and were waiting for us; one was not yet there, although the Russian Consul was expecting a cable from Moscow at any time, which would allow him to apply his precious rubber stamp to the passport. No explanation was given as to why five were granted and one withheld. We were told vaguely that red tape was responsible. This reason did not ring true, however. The Consul himself was at a loss to explain it.

We had arrived at Helsingfors on Sunday, and on that day were told of the visas. The Consul himself was out of town on a fishing trip. It was not until Monday that we spoke to him personally. He could give us no assurance as to when the sixth visa would arrive — probably on that very day, possibly in a month. A representative from the Finnish Steamship Line was to purchase our train tickets to Leningrad. All six of us had agreed to

wait until all of the visas should arrive, but the representative bought five tickets, expecting the late visa in before train time, which was eleven forty-five P. M., at which time he would buy the remaining ticket. After waiting anxiously and making many calls upon the Russian Consul, we were told by a hall boy in very bad German that the cable had arrived, and that the Consul would return at ten o'clock to present us with the visa. Promptly at ten we received the sixth visa and proceeded to the station to learn that the train to Leningrad was completely sold out. There was no chance of boarding the train without a ticket — and no amount of argument could persuade the agent to sell us one. After much scheming and planning, it was decided that the safest, but by far the less adventuresome course was for the unlucky one to proceed alone the following day. The chance of being arrested for being without a ticket might have been risked in Europe, but time was too precious to spend it in a Russian prison, interesting as this experience might have been.

I have related this story merely to show that, despite the fact that the U. S. S. R. is open to Americans, and that they are assured of a cordial welcome, doubt and irregularity will be met where one would least expect to encounter it.

The person who expects to find American efficiency in Russia will be sadly disappointed. The trains are slow; what is more important, the number of trains is not adequate to meet the demands of the travelers. Hundreds of people lie on the floors of stations all night, waiting for a train. The way a Russian travels is an education in baggage. His entire house furnishings seem to be on his back. A bundle of huge proportions over his shoulder — a wicker suitcase in each hand, and somewhere a teapot — every Russian car-

ries one; he jumps off at the station stops and buys some hot water for a few kop-ecks, and then makes the tea on the train, — that is the typical Russian peasant, ready for a train trip.

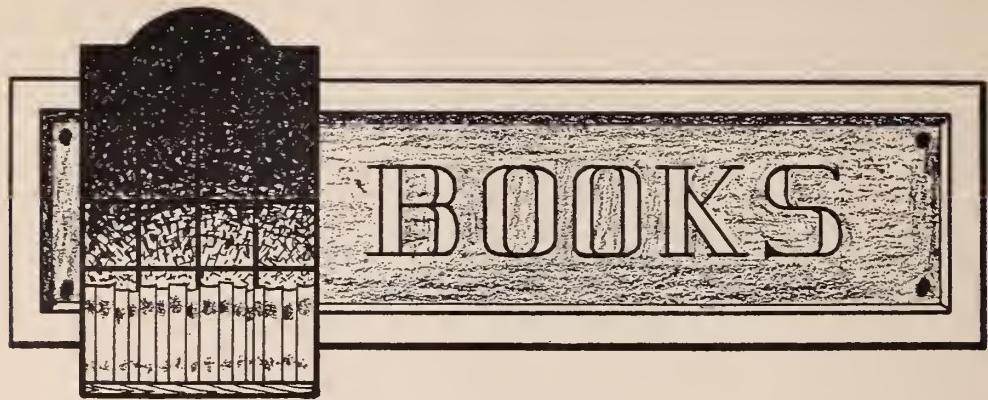
There are two ways of traveling in Russia — "hard" and "soft". The former is the way the native usually travels. The car contains numerous wooden benches, which constitute the "beds". There are two tiers, but over the upper berth is a rack, where luggage may be placed. There are also "berths" along the side of the car, fully two feet shorter than they should be. Finding that we had some of these miniature beds, much to the wonder of the Russians, we climbed three stories to the baggage rack, and there spent the night. Strangely enough, two Russians followed our example. An exceedingly thin mattress and clean linen may be hired for two rubles (about one dollar), but this is of little use, once the train starts its jogging and swaying journey.

The other way to travel is "soft". Here you have a compartment with four

berths, which are as comfortable as most European sleepers. There is absolutely no distinction made between men and women. A man is liable to find himself in a compartment with three women or vice-versa. If one wishes to associate with typical Russians, however, this is not the way to travel. Money is too scarce to afford the luxury of a soft bed while traveling. The characters one meets when he travels hard will well repay him for his discomfort. We spent a most enjoyable evening exchanging college songs for Russian folk songs. Still another time we learned the Russian game of "twenty-one", and thus added one more word to our Russian vocabulary — "enough or no more".

The food, as a whole, is poor; and whatever is fair, is spoiled by the flies. Sanitary conditions are in a deplorable state. For general comfort, Russia has little to offer; but for interest, no other country exceeds it. Its marriage system, its prison life, its factory system — all are of vast interest. A visit will be well worth paying.





MOLINOFF

or

THE COUNT IN THE KITCHEN

(By Maurice Bedel)

MOLINOFF was a Russian Count and an artist when it came to making pastry or making love. Russia treated him rather badly financially, so he came to France where both of his talents would be appreciated. When his master left his country estate on a visit to Biarritz, Molinoff forsook his work as pastry-cook and appeared to the old French gentry as a Count once more. He was an instantaneous success, especially with the feminine element. Drifting into an idyllic love affair, Molinoff forgot that all visits to Biarritz are bound to end; so in the midst of his supreme effort as Count there came catastrophe.

Last year, Maurice Bedel created a new sort of hero in his novel, "Jerome," winner of the Goncourt Prize. Molinoff follows in the tradition, and his adventures are told with the same unique wit and sophistication.

DUST AND SUN

(By Clements Ripley)

HERE is a vivid, colorful story of the adventures of a young American who goes to work for a United States oil company in a sleepy Central American republic. Thrown into jail for

insulting the representative of the oil company, the real power in the country, he escapes with the aid of a nondescript soldier of fortune. No sooner do they escape than revolution breaks out and they are plunged into a series of romantic adventures. Arriving finally in the capital, they defend the city against the revolutionaries, but are finally overcome. The new president of the republic, however, spares their lives and the hero finally wins the girl and makes his fortune.

This novel is remarkably like "Lord Harker," except for its setting. It contains the same touches of realism and the same raw adventure, combined with remarkably potent description.

TWELVE ROYAL LADIES

(By Sidney Dark)

THIS book, written by the author of *Twelve Bad Men*, may be described as being biographical in method and historical in purpose, but descriptive of human nature in effect. It consists of a series of twelve short biographical sketches, each of which relates to some woman famous in the world's history. Catherine de Medici, Mary of England, Josephine de Beauharnais, Louise de la Valliere, Marie Antoinette, Catherine the Great, and a half dozen others whose names are as familiar to us, as those are the subjects of the English Essayist's work.

It is clearly and simply written, and should be delightful reading for anyone who is interested either in history or in the study of human nature for its own sake. The twelve royal ladies are depicted apart from all the hard, cold facts of the history books, and such facts as are included in the studies are placed there only that they might better bring to us a clear understanding of the ladies themselves.

The treatment that Mr. Dark has given his subjects is not as definitely psychological as is that of many of the modern biographers; yet he has shown clearly the relationship that exists between heredity and environment, and has shown the struggles that must be present between human passions and the artificial standards of a royal life.

KINGS OF COMMERCE

(By T. C. Bridges and H. H. Tiltman)

KINGS of Commerce is an inspiring study of twenty-six of the greatest leaders in commerce and industry in England and America to-day. It is biographical to an extent, but its purpose is not so much merely to depict the lives of internationally-famous men as to show the causes for their remarkable success. It is a study in growth and advancement, and while it prescribes no formulae for success, it shows how it has been achieved by those men who have made their names famous in the realms of commerce and industry. Such personages as Henry Ford, George Eastman, John D. Rockefeller, Charles Schwab, and Frank Woolworth, in America, and Sir Thomas Lipton, Lord Northcliffe, Angus Watson, and Gordon Selfridge, in England, are used as subjects for the sketches.

Kings of Commerce is an English book, and the greater part of it is devoted to the study of captains of British industry. But it is interesting for us, to whom such

names as Ford and Rockefeller are synonymous with American progress, to discover the feelings of awe and respect which the same names produce outside our own country.

THE TRAGIC ERA

(By Claude G. Bowers)

IN *The Tragic Era* Claude G. Bowers has upheld his prestige as an interesting and vivid portrayer of nineteenth century history. His subject is one upon which some expansion and specialization has long been needed in order to give the public a tone-picture of the period of reconstruction in its proper importance. Bowers, in his new book, continues his former method of giving vivid pictures of the more important points, keeping up the intensity and speed of his narration, and injecting dramatic sidelights; but in addition he really gives in *The Tragic Era* new information which is the result of much earnest investigation and research of all available books, private letters, and newspaper files which bear upon the subject.

Although Bowers's sympathy with the South is shown clearly in his writing, the partisanship expressed does not detract much from the value of the book as a political history of the period, for what historian can give an absolutely unbiased account? We see the great men of the time living again, Stevens, Ames, Oakes, and Sumner, each with his own peculiar weakness, falling finally into the mesh of greed, the horrors of assassination, the background of unpopularity, or the oblivion of death. The Democratic leaders on the other hand are brought before us, Voorhees, Hill, and the rest, glorified in their achievements by their Democratic historiographer. Andrew Johnson's great blunder and the activities of the Ku Klux Klan are treated only briefly.

With the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, Bowers deals very carefully and dramatically, showing the great evils of the resulting "carpet-bagging," "black codes," Ku Klux Klan, and race riots. Throughout all this discussion the South is pictured vividly as the suffering, mistreated, and imposed-upon slave, a victim of Northern tyranny. The impeachment, the disputed election of 1876, and the general corruption of the government, are all dealt with, although they

seem to be exaggerated in places for dramatic effect.

One is likely to get the impression that this period was one of intense continued strife throughout, although Bowers has painted it as such only to get more dramatic appreciation and interest from the reader. Whatever else may be said of the book, it is certainly a valuable and needed addition to American political history.

THE DANCE OF DEATH

The trolls leap high at the witches' cry
And skip thru the caverns of dread.
They are greenish ghouls, they're the
souls of fools,
They are living and yet they are dead.

The music is played on a harp of jade,
That awful symbol of woe,
And the catgut string is made to sing
With a legbone for a bow.

The bass drums boom thru the reddish
gloom
Of the flickering funeral fire,
As ghastly moans and horrible groans
Add zest to the revel dire.

The gibbets creak with an eerie squeak
As the corpses twist and sway,
Till the moon goes down with a final
frown
And the goblins slither away.

FELIX B. SHAY



STRICTLY DISHONORABLE

This play, a comedy by Preston Sturges, reveals what is an intrinsically interesting comic idea, yet the play itself, outside of the first act, is poorly written. The author has turned his idea to account not by means of convincing characters; instead, through farcical contrasts, obviously calculated reversals of anticipated action, and sudden impetuosity, he caresses his audience into the belief that his humour arises spontaneously from his puppets. If you add that there are definite intervals between the wise cracks which are at all inspired, and that old, unfresh cliches sustain the play frequently, you are forced to conclude that either the author's ingenuousness left him with the conception of the idea or else he decided upon a thoroughly meretricious treatment of it. Of unquestionable popularity, there is nothing in the play genuinely deserving of commendation: may this be a warning to those who have been told there is.

The play spans a twelve-hour gap of time which is chiefly occupied with a Southern girl's efforts at getting herself seduced. In spite of her Southern background and her knowledge of the plantation tradition, Isabelle Parry is not the typical belle: she lacks the much-vaunted spirit and tenderness to insult; she is affa-

ble and anxious to please. In her anxiety not to lose her opportunity, she makes much of a nuisance of herself to her gentleman, an Italian opera singer (really a Count of course), by insisting upon an undue number of pre-mating gestures of sentiment—and upon tears; in fact, despite her professions of modernity, she shows that virtue is not so easily surrendered, and undoubtedly that she is properly pure in heart. But this discourages her lover. He fails to see the importance of one less virgin to the state of Mississippi, and she exhausts his patience, he not being able to appreciate the necessity for so much ceremony, and he actually walks out on her. By morning, though, the unbelievable has happened: Isabelle is ready to return her fiance, a solid burgher of West Orange, N. J., and the Count has discovered that he loves Isabelle after all. It only takes one more trick to reconcile them, and with it the comedy departs entirely from credibility and becomes bedroom farce. This last trick also makes clear the shoddy mathematics of the plot, the predetermined illogical happy ending completing the unreality, but strengthening the popular appeal.

The worst thing that could be said against the play is that it shows the influence of the movies. It calculates well the popular taste in comedy, and panders to

it gracelessly. Moreover, the somewhat pathetic honesty of Isabelle about her feelings does not make the play "nicer," more sophisticated, or higher comedy than it otherwise would be. As was indicated before, the best of the play is the first act; here in a typical Italian speakeasy of New York, the humor is pitched on an even, smooth level. The best wise-cracker of the play turns out to be a member of the "force" who never can stand to hear the word "speakeasy," for he is not supposed to know such places exist. Because of the occasional moments of apt and spirited comedy in the midst of much trite nonsense, one is led to believe that something really good might have come out of this idea.

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THE CRIMINAL CODE

Too much cannot be said for a play which handles a grave social problem as artistically as **The Criminal Code** does. The weakness of most plays of this sort, when they are not written by potential Shaws or Ibsens, is the fact that they are less plays than sermonious tractates or extravagant and melodramatic debauches of feeling. Martin Flavin, the author of **The Criminal Code**, may not have written a play of great permanence, yet he has handled a theme of unquestioned social importance in an undeniably telling fashion. In the first place, he has had the intelligence to center his play around an entirely believable, and in a way, timely character: a man of public affairs of courage and ability whose unswerving sense of duty to the restrictions placed upon himself and his office by the law sometimes conflicts with his own feelings of what ought to be. In the second place, he uses deliberate restraint in places where melodrama and hectic feeling might easily enter in, and in other places certain suggestions of terror which are much more deeply disturbing than outward violences

upon the stage. Thirdly, the prison atmosphere has been ably suggested by the staging and scenery of the play. Everything, then, in the play contributes to a profound seriousness, unadulterated by maudlin feelings or violent prejudices.

When the curtain goes up on the prologue, we see Martin Brady investigating, as prosecuting attorney, the case of Robert Graham. Young Graham, a typical and usually serious young bank worker of a large city, has gotten into a serious jam; in a brawl at a dance hall he sticks up for a street-walker, and in what he believes is self-defence cracks another man's head open with a water-bottle. The man dies, and Robert, through the advice of Martin Brady, pleads guilty to manslaughter and gets ten years in the state prison. The first act begins six years later at the state prison with the arrival of the new warden, Martin Brady, who has suffered this demotion in his political career because, we infer, through his honesty he has made many enemies. Robert Graham has almost lost his mind after six years' labor in the prison jute mill. Martin Brady soon learns of his case and sets about to undo what in a way he was responsible for by asking for the boy's parole. In the meantime the healing presence of the warden's daughter revitalizes Bob. We learn incidentally that sex starvation is one of the chief problems of prison life. But the prison code is there, along with the criminal code which created it. Through Bob's innocent complicity in the inside murder of a squealer, the prison code operates upon him: he cannot tell what he knows. The tragic ending of the play in a scene between Bob, the warden, and the daughter, is a powerful and moving climax to this somber play.

Besides the exceptionally fine acting of Arthur Byron as Martin Brady, and the general convincingness of the rest of the

cast, except that some hardened criminals have perfect stage diction, the extremely skilful execution of the plot within the play adds to its verity as a tragedy. The quality of inevitability in the fate of Robert Graham, the fact that he is a victim of a criminal code which persecutes more than it rectifies wrong, which exacts penalties for crimes without consideration of circumstances, which admits no light of intelligent understanding and no alleviation, instead allows torture and disinte-

gration of human beings, — this quality vital if the play is to be considered a true social tragedy, is present. And it is interesting to note that here, as in the great tragedies, the plot has no flaws, but enforces instead one's conviction that here were certain forces set into operation, the effect of which could not be altered unless the forces themselves were entirely different. The power and artistic dignity of **The Criminal Code** are no more deniable than the awful problem which it holds.

Brief Guide to Plays Old and New

Journey's End — this play, as international as Remarque's **All Quiet**, though dealing with the British soldiery, is revealing and astonishing in its portrayal of the life of one small British group in the trenches. It is interesting because it is not heavily documented with propaganda, and because it shows in a very convincing manner how a characteristic group of men lived together for a short period under unusual circumstances and how the war affected them and their relations to one another.

* * * * *

Street Scene — the Pulitzer Prize Play. A timely, sincere and harshly realistic tragedy of American metropolitan life. The comprehensive grasp of Elmer Rice on the details of this sordid section of life plus his masterly handling of the tragic consequences of one husband's blindness make it one of the most interesting and moving plays of several seasons.

* * * * *

Let Us Be Gay — a conventional but amusing comedy with Francine Larrimore.

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See Naples and Die — a comedy by Elmer Rice. A wise-cracking farcical play about Americans abroad with the funniest murder on the New York stage in the last act.

* * * * *

It's A Wise Child — more merriment. The humours of an average American family with a wayward son and daughter.

* * * * *

The Channel Road — a clever and skilful comedy by Alexander Woollcott and George S. Kaufman.

* * * * *

The Bonds of Interest — Walter Hampden in Benavente's famous comedy.

* * * * *

Candle-Light — Gertrude Laurence, the musical comedy star, in a light but rather thin play.

G. A. FINCH



ORIENTATING OURSELVES IN THE COSMOS

By MAURICE B. ROSALSKY

We all feel more self-confident, and surer of ourselves if we are familiar with our surroundings. However, for ages, there was no possibility of our gaining familiarity with anything other than the earth. In consequence, man, in his religious moments, sought to invent a comforting image of the size, constitution, and origin of the cosmos. Each religion presented a fantastic picture, and all started with a faulty premise, since with his natural egotism, man fabricated a structure which revolved around himself, both figuratively and literally. He placed the earth in the center, and was arrogant in his confidence that the universal structure was created for his especial comfort.

These fantastic explanations well satisfied the adherents of the various religious sects; but, starting with the Greeks, the truth began to emerge, and the mentally-arrived-at religious beliefs were removed further and further from the minds of thinking men.

One of the ancients came to the conclusion that the earth was spherical; and another hinted that the sun, not the earth, was the center of the cosmos,—a step in the right direction. But it was not until

Copernicus proved the heliocentric theory that clear-thinking men recognized the fact that the earth revolves around the sun, and not vice-versa.

Man was now stripped of a definite and exact religious theory, but through studied scientific effort, much of which took place in the last thirty years, he has again reached a feeling of self-confidence; but this time a self-confidence founded in fact.

Soon after Copernicus, it was recognized that the planetary system, of which we are a member, is separated from the fixed stars by a vast distance, and therefore our eyes were opened for the first time to the vastness of the cosmos. Herschel tried in vain to detect the displacement of the stars, and no one succeeded until the third decade of the nineteenth century. Then it was found that the nearest stars were about 200,000 times as far from us as we are from the sun. Let us call this great distance 3 (approximately three light years), and we can see how far we have recently peered into the cosmos by stating that we have knowledge of objects located over three million light years from our earth. A light year is the distance traversed by light in one

year at a speed of 186,000 miles per second.

An illustration might make this clearer. If the solar system were condensed to the size of a dot equal in diameter to the period which concludes this sentence, and were placed in the center of our campus, the earth could not be seen with an ultramicroscope, the nearest star would be a hundred yards away, and the furthest stars of which we have any knowledge would be clear of the earth, millions of miles away in fact.

Just as Copernicus first showed us the true structure of the planetary system, so Herschel first made known to us the shape of our galaxy, the next largest main division of the cosmos. He showed us that our galaxy, of which the milky way is the foreshortening of the greatest diameter, is shaped like a thin watch, to use his own figure.

In the last century, much knowledge has been gained concerning our galaxy, such as the recognition of the three star drifts, and the determination of the number of stars and their evolutionary development. However, since this does little toward orientating ourselves in the cosmos, I shall not go into the subject further.

Our galaxy, with the earth revolving around the sun and this solar system very near the center, is judged by Shapley to be about 240,000 light years in diameter, and about 9,000 light years thick. Our sun, as a member of one of the star streams, will take untold ages to advance very far from the center.

The star clusters are the last important structure connected with our galaxy. Each cluster consists of millions of stars, but is still very small in relation to the galaxy proper. Of the hundred star clusters known, fifty extend in space above the short diameter of the galaxy, and fifty extend below. Recently, an apparently

correct theory has been advanced as to their motions. They are believed to oscillate in an elliptical orbit back and forth through the galaxy, which acts as the primary gravitational body, with the star clusters as satellites. With this picture in mind, let us leave our galaxy and shoot, figuratively, with a speed far greater than that of light into inter-galactic space, and see the most recent conclusions of modern scientists.

For many years, astronomers have been familiar with the structures known as nebulae. At first, all the nebulae were believed to be gaseous; then, since some nebulae were resolved into stars, all the nebulae were believed to consist of them. But it was not until the last few years that a true explanation of the nebulae was forthcoming. Then it was found that there are really two classes of nebulae, first the gaseous, which form a part of our galaxy, and, secondly, the extra-galactic nebulae, each of which is a stellar system comparable in size to the whole Milky Way system of which we are a member.

In the past few years, thousands of these island universes have been detected, the nearest, 600,000 light years from us, and the furthest several million. Within the past year, Shapley has probed further into the structure of island universes, and has found that they form aggregations in some instances. Nearly fifty such super-systems have recently been found, and we are led to the question of whether there is a still higher organization in the cosmos.

Einstein has shown mathematically that the cosmos is finite through his theory of the curvature of space. Since the average island universe seems to us to be so remote, it would be interesting to know just how far we have peered into Einstein's mathematical universe. Hubble has worked this out, and he finds that the

radius of curvature of the finite universe of general relativity is 600 times the distance at which the average island universe can be detected with the hundred-inch reflector at Mt. Wilson, the largest telescope in existence. How much more of the finite universe we shall see with the improved instruments of the future, time alone will tell.

WHY NOT A COURSE IN AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING?

By T. R. KELLNER

WE are all proud to be a part of the present Lehigh University—a greater Lehigh. A Lehigh which has risen so that it ranks among the best universities in the country! A Lehigh which stands for the best in practical education and for the most approved methods of instruction and the most modern equipment! And yet probably there is one thing needed to maintain undisputedly her rank as the greatest engineering school in the world. This is a course to train men for the rapidly-developing field of aviation.

Not many years ago the great industrial concerns felt a need for men trained for research in physics. This need was felt by the various universities throughout the country, and as a result, the Engineering Physics course came into being. More recently there was a demand for engineers with some business training for executive positions with engineering concerns. From this demand developed the present Industrial Engineering course. These courses

were adopted by Lehigh and have grown so that they are no longer the smallest of the courses, but rank among the more fundamental branches.

Now there is becoming a demand for men trained in the science of aviation. In this field there are two very important lines of work. The first is that of airplane production. All over the country airplane factories are being built, and competent men are needed to direct and operate them. This in itself is a huge field, but a far greater one is the field of airplane designing. The designing engineers are the creative geniuses behind airplane development. For this position highly trained men are absolutely necessary. An engineer of this sort must be an expert on aerodynamics and a stress and structural analyst, in addition to being an imaginative as well as practical builder.

Other colleges and universities are beginning to feel the demand for men trained for aviation and are gradually introducing courses to teach this science of aeronautics. The student flying clubs were the first step. Massachusetts Institute of Technology has had a highly successful course in aeronautical engineering for several years. Now New York University has announced a three-year night course in aviation engineering. Soon aeronautical engineering will be an integral part of every first-class engineering institution.

Lehigh has always maintained a standard of conservatism, but the demand for men trained in the science of aviation cannot be resisted for long and it is time that a course to train men for this field was introduced.

(Continued from Page 13)

parched—my burns were slight but painful. I made my way to the truck and gulped my fill of refreshing water; then I returned to my work. I was more careful—took no chances. For hours we dug trenches, clipped away overhanging branches, backfired, and put out brush fires.

With the coming of dusk, the fire was under control. I was assigned that night to see that the fire did not cross the line in my section. I lay down just beyond the line and looked into the flames. I was tired and sleepy. The fall of a blazing tree and the crackling of burning twigs annoyed me. I wanted to sleep. Was I thrilled? I'll be damned if I was. Hell, but I was sleepy.

I shut my eyes—to-morrow I would start out for home, and I began to dream of pleasant things—a soft bed, a table decked with delicious food, and a Mother's gentle touch.

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